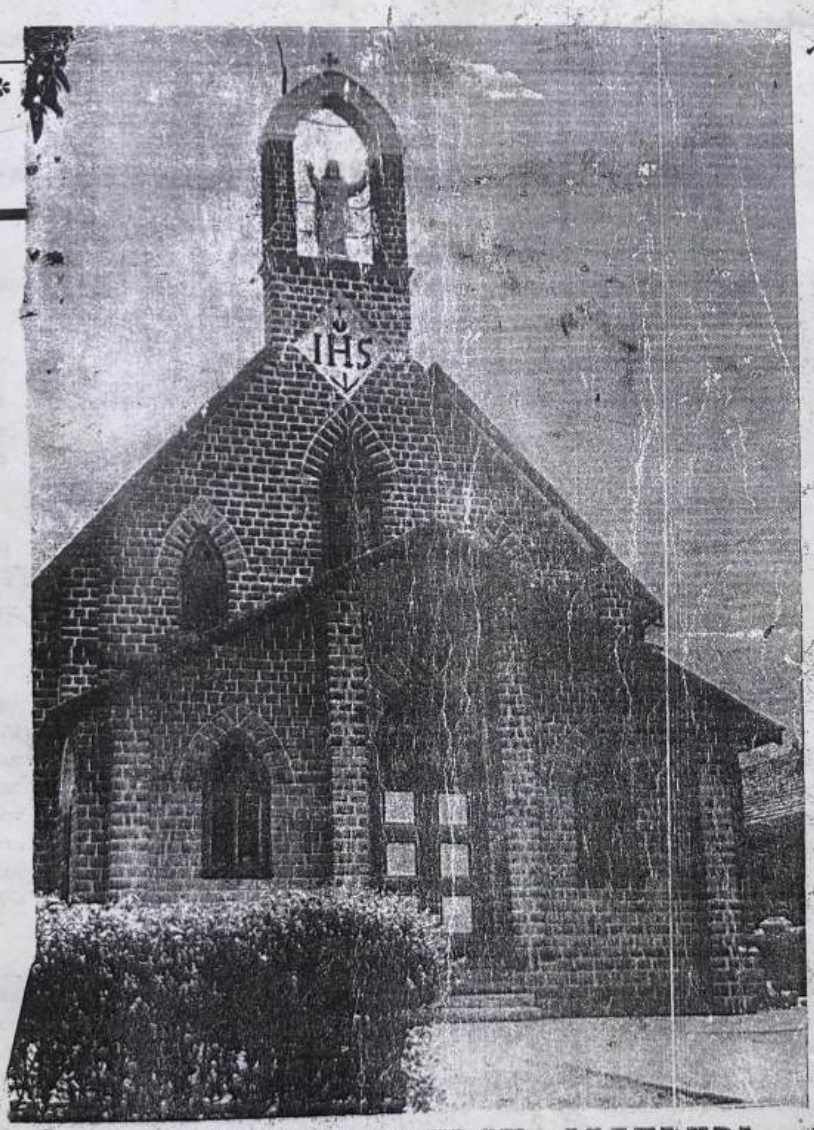

SACRED HEART CHURCH, IGATPURI

1881—1981

Centenary Souvenir

With Best Compliments

from :

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EDITORIAL

Dear Reader,

It gives me great joy to address you. As you are our enefactor and well wisher I would have appreciated meeting you ersonally, but since that is not possible, I take this golden pportunity of thanking you.

On behalf of Fr. X. Mingot S.J. I wish to thank all the donors ithout whose help it would not have been possible for us to realize this ream of celebrating the Sacred Heart Church Centenary on such a grand cale. Your love and devotion for this Church leaves me dumbfounded.

It is my pleasant duty to thank Rt. Rev. Valerian D'Souza, ishop of Pune, Rt. Rev. Leobard D'Souza, Archbishop of Nagpur, and t. Rev. Henry D'Souza, Archbishop of Cuttack for their messages and reetings. I also thank Rev. Father Edwin Rasquinha, S.J., Provincial of ombay and Sr. Anne Clement, F.C., Provincial of the Daughters of the ross for their messages and good wishes. Special thanks to Sr. M. ercedes Schwoedianer of the Missionary Sisters of the Queen of the postles, Varanasi, who arrived just in time to throw some more light n Fr. Antonius Maria Bodewig, S.J. our first Parish Priest.

I also thank all those who contributed to this Souvenir ius making it beautiful and memorable. In a special way I thank Mr. Joe obo for the tremendous effort he put in to make a dull subject like story so interesting. The credit for the picturesque photography of is Souvenir goes to Mr. Agnelo Pereira who gave us all types and zes of snaps we asked for, and that too, promptly. (Do not ask how got them.) I owe thanks to Miss Carol Fernandes for helping me th the tedious work of editing, not forgetting Miss Zarina Bharpur- lla for working late into the nights typing out all the manuscript pies, and Miss Marie Fernandes for typing out all the advertisments. w can I forget all those who have helped me to cut down the cost in inting by getting all the advertisements, topping the list are the reira sisters Maria and Jane, along with Mrs. Christabelle Pereira om Chembur.

Having thanked all these and wishing to leave none, I owe special thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Cajetan Pereira who laboured selflessly in this venture.

Before I wind up I must say a word of appreciation for all the help I have received from my brothers of the Society of Jesus, the Parish Priest Fr. X. Mingot, S.J., Sr. Elizabeth Anne, F C. and her team of sisters and the parishioners who have helped me in the gigantic job of preparing for this centenary celebrations.

I realize there may be many flaws and faults in the Centenary Celebrations in general, and in this Souvenir in particular. Nevertheless as G.K. Chesterton says: "If a thing is worth doing, it's worth doing badly."

FR. MAURICE HENRIQUES, S.J.

A WORD FROM THE PARISH PRIEST

Igatpuri will be full of joy these days, celebrating the Centenary of the Sacred Heart Church, and we can say that the whole world, will rejoice with us, as our ex-parishioners are spread over the five continents of the world. Let us Igatpurians, from the four corners of the world raise our voice in praise to Our Lord Jesus Christ for the many graces He has bestowed on us.

We are very thankful to Fr. Trenkam, S.J. for his beautiful hand-written copy of the church history of Igatpuri. In fact this is the only source we have to trace the humble beginnings of the church.

In the year 1889 came the Congregation of the Daughters of the Cross and they had a flourishing and famous school, where many a great personality received their high school education. On the 1st February 1875 Fr. J. Egger, S.J. founded the parochial school, St. Joseph's Primary School for boys. One of the greatest personalities of this school was Mr. Peter D'Souza, father of Archbishop Leobard D'Souza of Nagpur.

I am happy, that Archbishop Leobard D'Souza, along with another son of the soil, Archbishop Henry D'Souza of Cuttack, will be in the mid'st of us to grace the occasion.

I am sure all of you parishioners and ex-parishioners are looking forward to these grace-filled days.

Let us unite to make them memorable days of our life.

God Be Blessed For Ever!

Fr. X. Mingot, S.J.

His Holiness Pope John Paul II

"And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it".

(Matt. 16.18)

BISHOP OF PUNE
Tel: 27001

Bishop's House,
1-B, Prince of Wales Drive
Pune 411 001.

Date: 9th February, 1981

MESSAGE

The Parish of Igatpuri is celebrating in April this year the Centenary of the completion of the Church building. The ground for the Church was granted in 1868, but the building work commenced in 1877 and was completed four years later.

Very few people know that this small Parish has given the Church in India, two Archbishops—Archbishop Henry D'Souza of Cuttack and Archbishop Leobard D'Souza of Nagpur. Both of them in gratitude for the years they spent in Igatpuri hope to attend the Centenary Celebrations.

The number of parishioners is small now, but they are active and under the leadership of their ever youthful Pastor Rev. Fr. Xavier Mingot S.J. have done wonderful work for the Centenary Celebrations. I pray that they continue to work unitedly and be a sign for all to see God's goodness.

I take this opportunity to remember gratefully all the Priests and Sisters who have worked in Igatpuri over the last hundred years. May their sacrifices and hard work continue to bear fruit.

† **Rt. Rev. Valerian D'Souza**
Bishop of Pune.

Rt. Rev. Valerian D'Souza

Bishop of Pune

LEOBARD D'SOUZA
Archbishop of Nagpur.

Tel: 33239
Archbishop's House,
Mohan Nagar,
Nagpur-440 001.

18th February 1981

My dear Father Mingot,

It is with great joy and pride I write to offer you and the parishioners of the Sacred Heart Church, Igatpuri, my most cordial felicitations and prayerful wishes on the joyous occasion of the Centenary.

Our family were all born 'pagans' and were consecrated at the baptismal font at Igatpuri in the name of the Most Holy Trinity. A gift we never deserved nor will over be able to repay. We continue to praise and thank God for this regeneration in Christ and owe to this source the overwhelming blessings that accompanied us on our pilgrim path in life.

My dear father "Master Peter", who was associated with the parish in his own humble way, was a quiet light who guided our steps. We remember him and all the others now gone to their reward, as we gather at Igatpuri and call to mind long-forgotten events which made this smiling township nestled in the lap of the western ghats, so endearing.

Looking forward to April 26 in joyful expectation and expressing to you, Father, every prayerful wish and warm regards, I remain,

Fr. X. Mingot, S.J.
Parish Priest,
Sacred Heart Church,
Igatpuri-422 403.

Yours devotedly in Christ,
Sd/- **Leobard D'Souza**
Archbishop of Nagpur.

Rt. Rev. Leobard D'Souza

Archbishop of Nagpur

Archbishop Henry D'Souza

Archbishop's House
P.O. Satyanagar
Bhubaneswar-751 007
Telephone 52234

March 24, 1981.

MESSAGE

Igatpuri recalls many memories of a happy Railway Station where the Church on the hill and the Convent by the side were the centre of activity for all Catholics. My own visits to Igatpuri were in the month of May. The daily Mass in the morning and the Rosary devotions in the evening would see a long line of Catholics wending their way up to the Church. These happy memories of my younger days have always brought much joy. Along with them will be the kindly personalities of Fr. Meyers, S.J. and Fr. Cassasayas, S.J. Many other dear ones are now resting in the cemetry behind the Church which tells the tales of the Christian community of another era.

I wish the Centenary celebrations every success and deem it a privilege to be able to share in the joy of the occasion.

Sd/- **Henry D'Souza**
Archbishop of Cuttack-Bhubaneswar

Rt. Rev. Henry D'Souza

Archbishop of Cuttack, Bhubaneswar

BOMBAY PROVINCE SOCIETY OF JESUS

Office of the Provincial
Tel: 261336

St. Xavier's High School
Bombay 400 001.

March 3, 1981.

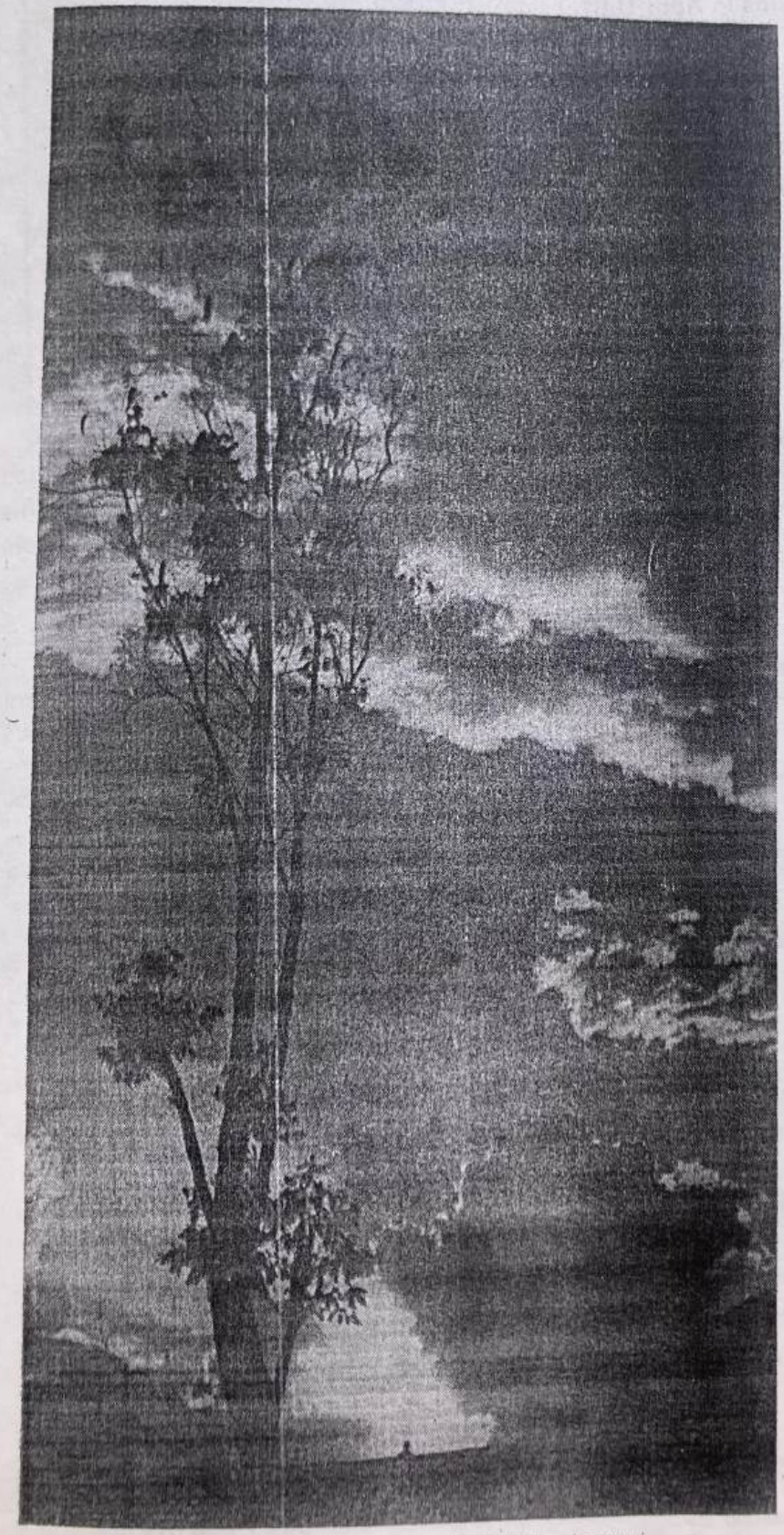
Rev. Fr. F. X. Mingot, S.J.
Catholic Church,
Igatpuri-422 403
Nasik Dist.

Dear Father Mingot,

It is with gratitude in my heart to the Sacred Heart of Jesus I write a few words to felicitate you and the Parishioners of the Bombay Province on the occasion of the Centenary celebrations of the Sacred Heart Church of Igatpuri. It is not possible for us to recount the numerous graces which have flowed from this Church to the believers and non-believers of Igatpuri since these hundred years. We know that the Church has been an instrument and a channel of blessings to many and we pray that it may remain so for many years to come.

As we thank God for His mercies in the past let us also pray that His loving kindness and steadfast love may remain over the Igatpuri Parish in the future too. We also pray for so many who have laboured in this parish in the past years.

Yours sincerely in Christ,
Sd/- **(E. Rasquinha, S.J.)**
PROVINCIAL



Sunset in late September—Teen Lakdi Bridge, Igatpuri

(Pereira Studio)

IGATPURI

IGATPURI!

Your name suggets
shady walks
and sunset glow
gentle breeze
and whisp'ring trees
songs of birds
and hillsides green
waterfalls
and gossamer sheen!

IGATPURI!

Your name bespeaks
laughing child
and picnic fun
up-hill climb
and leisure time
puffing trains
and whistles shrill
quaint roof tops
on ev'ry hill!

IGATPURI!

Your name delights...
You're full of charm
and beauty
simple town
without renown
for peace
you take the prize,
foretaste
of Paradise!

xx xx xx xx

SR. ANNE CLEMENT, F.C.
PROVINCIAL
(Daughters of the Cross)

"GREETINGS"

It gives me great pleasure to contribute these lines greeting the Parish Priest and the Parishioners of the Sacred Heart Church, Igatpuri, on the occasion of the Centenary Celebrations in April 1981.

Our Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of the 'Queen of the Apostles', in India (Benares) since 1927, has a small link with Igatpuri as found out by coincidence only recently. Our Congregation has as its charismatic animator and erstwhile founder, a priest who was also one of the "Church Builders" of Igatpuri, and its first Parish Priest! Fr. Antonius Maria Bodewig S.J., hailed from Cologne, Germany, and was a dynamic personality, but for his time a rather controversial figure. He left the Jesuit Society in 1888, in order to found at his home town Cologne a Missionary Society for the evangelisation of North India, chiefly 'Benares' the Sacred City on the banks of the Ganges. He wanted to bring an 'Indian culture and an Indian world to Jesus the 'King of the Orient.' Since his ideas were such as to be considered a hundred years ahead of time, his undertakings were pursued by 'repeated' failure.

FR. ANTONIUS MARIA BODEWIG, S.J.

The first Parish Priest of Sacred Heart Church, Igatpuri

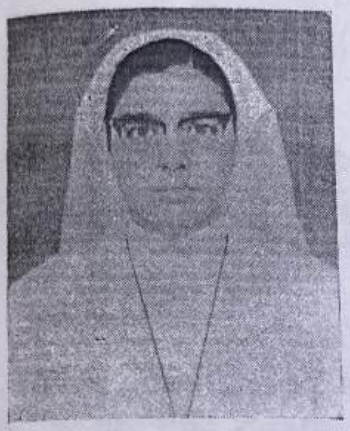
He died in 1915 in Rome as a 'Failure', if we may say so. But God has His own way; his ideas, his work lived on in those he trained. The new Congregation began in Vienna in 1923, and now flourishes on the banks of the Holy River Ganges as was Fr. A. M. Bodewig's dream, which he may have started dreaming whilst he was in Igatpuri.

Sr. M. Mercedes Schwoediauer,

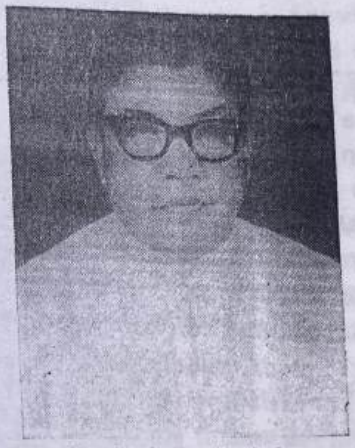
Missionary Sisters of the Queen of the Apostles,

St. Mary's Convent, Varanasi, U.P.

IGATPURIANS WORKING IN THE VINEYARD OF THE LORD



Sr. Winifred Anne, F.C.



Fr. Robert Falleiro

Sr. Mary Wilfred

(Not in Picture)

- Fr. Ivo D'Souza
- Fr. Luis Pinto
- Fr. Cyprian Dias S.J. (R.I.P)
- Fr. Tony D'Souza
- Fr. Edwin D'Souza, S.D.B.
- Fr. Felix Pinto (R.I.P)
- Sr. Sybil D'Souza, F.M.M.
- Fr. Stanley D'Souza

Holy Family Church,
Nagpur-440 009.

I am happy to know from the parish priest that Igatpuri is celebrating the Centenary of the Sacred Heart Church on the 26th, 27th and 28th April 1981. The parish Church has done so much Spiritual and Social good to the people of the town, that we have much to thank God for. So on this felicitous occasion of the Centenary, I as priest son of Igatpuri, offer my tribute to the Sacred Heart Church, Igatpuri, with a prayer that God may abundantly bless the Parish Priest and all its parishioners, those in active service, and those who have gone to their eternal home.

Rev. Fr. Robert Falleiro

Daya Sadan Dhavaghan,
Zankhvav, Surat.

I am happy to say that I was a parishioner of the Sacred Heart Church, Igatpuri in the 60's. Fr. Cassasayas our parish priest was of a very simple and unassuming nature. He visited and treated all his parishioners alike, and was always helping those in need. His church services were simple and interesting. The choir conducted by Sr. Agnes Lousie were inspiring.

I am grateful to Fr. Cassasayas and the sisters of Igatpuri for my vocation as a Daughter of the Cross. I hope the Lord who has begun this work in me will bring it to completion.

Sr. Winifred Anne, F.C.

COME TO ME

(Picture of the statue on the main altar)

Jesus who died on the Cross for us, opens His Sacred Heart and invites us gently. "Come to me all you who labour and are burdened and I will give you rest!" This is an invitation to love Him, to be loved by Him and to remain in His love for ever. His all-embracing love wel comes us to rest in His HEART. On this great occasion, as we celebrate the Centenary of our Church, are we parishioners of Sacred Heart Church eager to respond to to His call? Yes! We will answer this call with love-filled and joyful heart.

Jesus loves us with an EVERLASTING LOVE. His love for us is PERSONAL and UNCONDITIONAL. The Heart of Jesus knows our hearts. He knows how faint-hearted we can be at times. He does not wish that we be burdened under the weight of our sins. It is not at all desirable that we labour all alone to overcome our weaknesses, defects, shortcomings and temptations. So His loving Heart invites us to remain in His LOVE. We can be safe and secure in His Sweet and Sacred Heart inspite of all the trials, difficulties and temptations that we face in our daily living. Aren't we thrilled to accept such a tempting invitation?

Heart is a symbol of life, love and light. The Heart of Jesus longs to share His LIFE, LOVE and LIGHT with us. Let us ask Jesus to fill us with His own LIFE so that we may be Christians who are fully alive and active. We should consider it a great privilege to share the Life of Christ with our non-Christian brothers and sisters. Let us so live that our non-Christian neighbours in Igatpuri may experience Christ in and through us. While we relish the LOVE that his Sacred Heart lavishes on us, we must atract more hearts to this HEART of hearts. By the dynamic force of our genuine love, we can certainly draw more hearts to know, accept and love Jesus. Being the bearers of Christ's LIGHT, by our good words and deeds, we will be successful in leading many souls to His Sacred Heart. In our efforts, let us be united to each other in His Sacred Heart and continue to live in His loving presence.

Sr. Sumitra, F.C.

LISTEN TO THE BELFRY!

Today I stand shorn of all glories, a stark reminder to all that "Pride always has its downfall", just like the mighty British empire in India did. This empire you know fell slowly but surely, tottering down to the "Father of Our Nation", Mahatma Gandhi, the frail old man. He challanged the mighty British by lighting the torch of freedom along with many other patriots, one of whom was Rabindranath Tagore. This great Indian poet inspired all by his verses like "There are numerous strings in your lute", which ultimately ended with, "Into that heaven of Freedom my father, Let my Country awake!"

Yes folks, while the country arose to the strong call of Freedom, it sounded my death knell, for along with the downfall of the British empire, I too started bursting my seams, till I was finally razed off my body by Fr. Mingot, for it seems I was unable to store any more joys and sorrows of the parishioners of Igatpuri.

Though devoid of the main part of my body my spirit still dwells in the foundation, which to this day is intact. So I just can't help recalling the days when the past Jesuit priests were made subject to me, for through fair and stormy weather in sun and rain they had to enter into my portals for the last ninety-seven years approximately; to bid the faithful to Church. People responded to this call and I tell you, it was a sight to see each family strutting up the hill, all decked up in their peculiar styles, with the men folk banking their cackling families. Thus they came panting and puffing, just like the G.I.P. Railway bankers (Metropolitan Vickers) pushing up a goods train safely up the Ghats from Kasara to Igatpuri. As time would have it, just like these bankers who have met their end, so also most of the Old **GUARDS,** have gone to meet their Creator. Still, I stand on my last leg to tell the tale after a hundred years of tete-a-tete talks of young lovers who took advantage of my shadows.

I recall with pride that I have inhaled the richest tobacco smoke which was emitted from the cigarettes and pipes of the parishioners, who played truant during the sermon time. Again, I cannot forget the fire-crackers burst by the overenthusiastic Goans who offered the Annual High Mass in honour of St. Anthony and St. Anne. The Club members, I believe excelled in their celebrations at the evening celebrations at the evening Litany at the Guild, which still exists. But gone are the days when the violin dominated the litanies. The few surviving singers are satisfied that St. Anthony has heard their intercessions through the Litany which is rounded off with the Viva Re-Viva.

Speaking of feasts, I thank the "Almighty, for helping me to live, to witness the celebration of the Church Centenary from 26th April to 28th April 1981. This, I hear, is going to be a "Grand Affair" in the competent hands of Fr. Maurice Henriques, J.S. the new assistant Parish Priest. This priest, I hear, has proved in a short span of time, what mettle he is made up of. Folks don't be surprised if his magic touch works wonders for a man in possession of his kind of grit and determination, the saying that "Rome was not built in a day", will be thrown to the winds. If not restored, I hope to be spared further damage, in this Year of the Disabled. Thus I may live to tell another tale after the next hundred years Viva la IGATPURI!

Mr. Cajetan Pereira

OUR CHURCH

Stands our Church in woodland beauty,
High up on the hilly top,
Beckoning men to do their duty,
As christians do without stop.

A hundred years have gone and seen
Priests nuns and laymen,
And to the altar always been,
Bride, Groom and bestmen.

Artists too are lured at the sights,
That surround this lofty building,
Soft the breeze and silent the nights,
Which makes your blood go tingling.

Young and old have trudged the way,
Inspite of all the the climbing,
The church to day still holds sway,
For people out of timing.

Tarry folks it is no lie,
As I speak to you a lot,
Last fifteen years have gone by,
With our Reverend Fr. Mingot.

Mr. Norman Valladares

An Invitation to Breakfast...

The other day a lorrywala in Bombay asked me are you the people who live in the jungle with a few lights peeping from the trees and bushes? I was thrilled to know, that at least people like lorrywalas know of our existence here. When I told this to our sisters; they did not agree with me. What about the good Fathers who take the trouble of breaking their journey and visiting us thus bringing us joy in this isolated place? That set me thinking.....Dear me, what about our good Fr. Mingot, who has been coming to us since 1975 to celebrate the Holy Eucharist... With the exception of Sundays, dear Fr. Mingot has been saying mass for us daily, coming in the evening, saying mass and next day after mass returning to Igatpuri. I am sure the 25 minutes walk from Asangaon Station to Kalemba village is a great blessing to many who see him daily. I am certain that Father who lives and loves the "The Way" of the little flower has inspired many of our village folk to know and love the Unknown God better.

A few days ago in the pleasant company of Fr. Mingot we were cracking jokes and having a little sing-song together. It was great to see the child-like simplicity and goodness of this holy and humble priest. When we were in this childlike mood one of our sisters shared a story with us and I think it touched Fr. Mingot's heart very much. So we'd like to share this story with you too.....

In a little village near Belgium, lived a poor Parish Priest very holy and kind—and as people were scattered, he had only two little boys coming for Mass each day. These two boys inspite of the distance and trouble, were there present to serve Mass. Their mother prepared a little tiffin box for them; so that they would not be too hungry when they returned home.

Near the Communion rails in the Church there was a very big and beautiful statue of Our Lady with a big Baby Jesus in her arms. Both Peter and Paul saluted Our Lady and Jesus each day before and after Mass.... One day while saluting Our Lady after Mass, the little boys noticed Jesus trying to jump down. They could hardly believe their eyes when Jesus spoke to Peter and Paul saying. "Please let me have breakfast with you". Without a word all three sat down on the little bench in the sacristy and shared the tiffin mother had prepared for the boys. The boys were so full of joy and excitement that they spoke about this to each other all the way home, but were determined not to speak about it even to their mother for fear that Jesus may not come to them again. This continued for days together, and Peter and Paul asked their mother for more tiffin. Their mother was of course happy thinking that the boys had developed an appetite and were growing boys after all....

But this could not go on. The boys wanted to share this secret with someone Finally they made up their minds to speak to Father Bernard, their Parish Priest. So one day they told him that they would like to speak to him after mass. Fr. Bernard wondered at what the boys wanted to tell him. After Mass, he came straight to the boys and putting his arms around them, encouraged them to speak. Peter nugged Paul to speak first, finally Peter told Fr. Bernard of what was happening during the whole week; how Jesus came down to them for breakfast each morning. Fr. Bernard who knew Jesus and loved Him personally all his life, was not surprised at this strange happening. He knew that Jesus loved little ones and was very close to them. He only suggested to the boys the following: 'Look Peter and Paul, when Jesus comes to you again just tell him—'Jesus, you had breakfast with us for several days, what about inviting us for breakfast with you?" And when you tell Him this say, "Father Bernard would also like to be invited!"

The boys could not sleep the whole night—this was the first time they would have to speak to Jesus for all this time they had only watched him having breakfast with them, in silence. So, immediately after mass, Peter as usual, took the lead and said "Jesus, Jesus, please. you had breakfast with us...what about...what about inviting us for breakfast with you ? And Fr. Bernard also would like to come. "Jesus very graciously held their hands and said, "Sure, my friends, you shall have breakfast with me on Easter Sunday".

And very soon it was Easter. Fr. Bernard had beautiful vestments, and the two boys were all in white, and there was a large crowd in the Church. At the end of Mass the Priest came down to the foot of the Altar to say the three Hail Marys, which were said in the good olden days. The boys joined him in the final prayers. Then all three of them made a final deep bow, never to rise. They had been indeed invited for Breakfast, and this time Jesus was their Host!

We wish you, dear Father Mingot and all the parishioners of Igatpuri a deep and lasting joy and peace, which the Lord alone can give, even while on this earth. And to you, dear Father Mingot, we remain ever grateful to you for all that you have done for us.

Helpers of the Society of Mary,
Naya Jivan, Kalemba Village,
Asangaon.

THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS (IGATPURI)

(EARLY HISTORY)

Introduction :-

A 'Church', we now recognise, is fundamentally an 'Ecclesia'-the people of God. Only by transference do we use the term to mean the Church building of edifice. Yet the history of the Parish whose centenary we celebrate seems to be that of a Church in constant search of an Ecclesia, which perhaps it is yet to find.

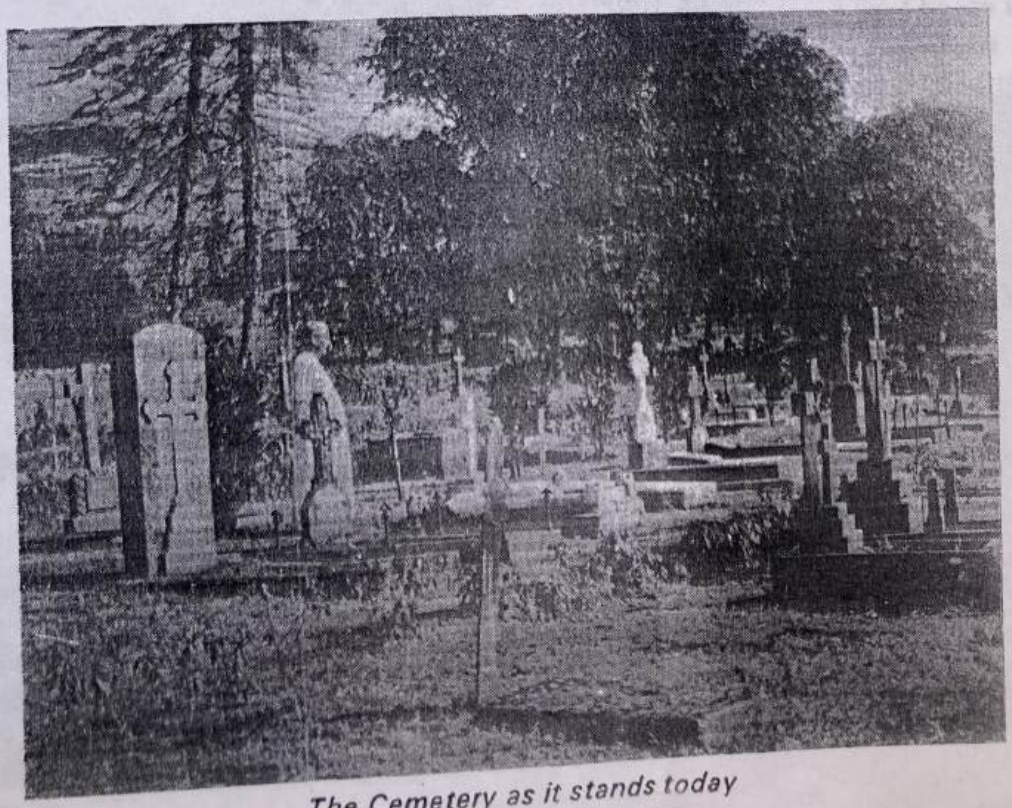
The Church Building.

Reading into Fr. Trenkamp's diary notes, (Parish Priest from April 1908—November 1915) on comes a stone upon stone 'building' effort by its Pastors—slow (around 150 months to completion) but steady (from Church site, to cemetery, to Presbytery, to Chapel, to School...an intriguing order of priorites.... a thesis building up inevitably to its antithesis the convent; with a synthesis still to appear over the horizon.

A chronicle of events in the building of 'an altar to the Lord' at Igatpuri...or the 'Cathedral of Cologne' of Cologne' as it was mystifyingly dubbed while in the building stage, could be set out as under:

1. In June 1868 Vicar Apostolic Bishop Meurin applied to the Government for a two-acre plot for a Church. The Revenue Commisioner W.H. Havelock sanctioned it on 31st July 1868 for a nominal compensation of three rupees and two annas, with an annual assessment of ten annas.

2. On the seventh of May 1870 Mr. J. Esseiva applied (on behalf of the resident Catholics of G.I.P. Rly) for an adjoining plot measuring one acre five and a half choins, to be used as a cemetry. After three reminders, on 22nd August 1871 a three acre 19 guntas plot was sanctioned, free of compensation! Its annual assessment was one rupee one anna and four pice.



The Cemetery as it stands today

3. On 28th February 1874 Bishop Meurin laid the foundation stone of the Presbytery to be build. by Fr. Lau, with one large room of it to be used as temporary chapel. The Church building

did not progress beyond the Plinth due to scarcity of fund (these were being generated through subscriptions and raffles).

Meanwhile the Collector of Nasik withdrew a previously granted permission to quarry stones free of cost, as building work had stopped. He later re-granted it on the request of Fr. Egger. A further concession was granted to Fr. Saelinger to take sand free of cost from a Government plot. Later, this was to involve the Pastor in an accusation by the mamladar, of his cultivating the plot with oilseeds and Nagli. In a decision which would have done King Solomon proud, the Collector sternly reminded the Pastor that the land could not be used for purposes other than that specified, but commending him nevertheless on his effort to beautify the plot "by planting a garden"!

4. In 1880 the roof of the Church was built. It was decided to title the Church 'The Sacred Heart of Jesus', while calling upon St. Francis Xavier to stand in as Patron Saint. The formal dedication ceremony was performed on 27th February 1881 at the hands of Bishop Meurin.

The 'Church Builders' *(Parish Priests)*

1. Fr. A. Bodewig (28th January 1874-29th October 1874). He was the first Parish Priest appointed at Igatpuri. His predecessor Fr. P. C. Peters was just a visiting Pastor from 13th December 1872, covering the Igatpuri-Bhusaval areas. Fr. Bodewig "tried living as a Brahmin... (this could lead to interesting speculation regarding the turn of history that might have taken, place had his attempt at 'Indianization persisted to become tradition. Unfortunately someone decreed otherwise, for his attempt "soon appeared unsuitable". It couldn't have been God who so decreed, as Vatican II would later tell us.)

2. Fr. Predeck (30th October 1874–?). Was his transfer from Bhusaval to Igatpuri a consequence of Fr. Bodewig's experiment? The diary doesn't tell. It does however state that Fr. Predeck's transfer is not mentioned in the records. Anyhow, in his time, God's domain centred at Igatpuri was extended stopping short before Manmad in the North and Kalyan in the South.

3. Fr. J. Egger (17th January 1875–27th January 1876), is recorded as having taken over from Fr. Bodewig. His tenure lasted approximately a year, during which he started the Parish school, St. Joseph's (1st Feb. 1875). It was also the first time that Mass was celebrated at Kasara. Fr. Egger's leaving for his 'great retreat' in Bombay

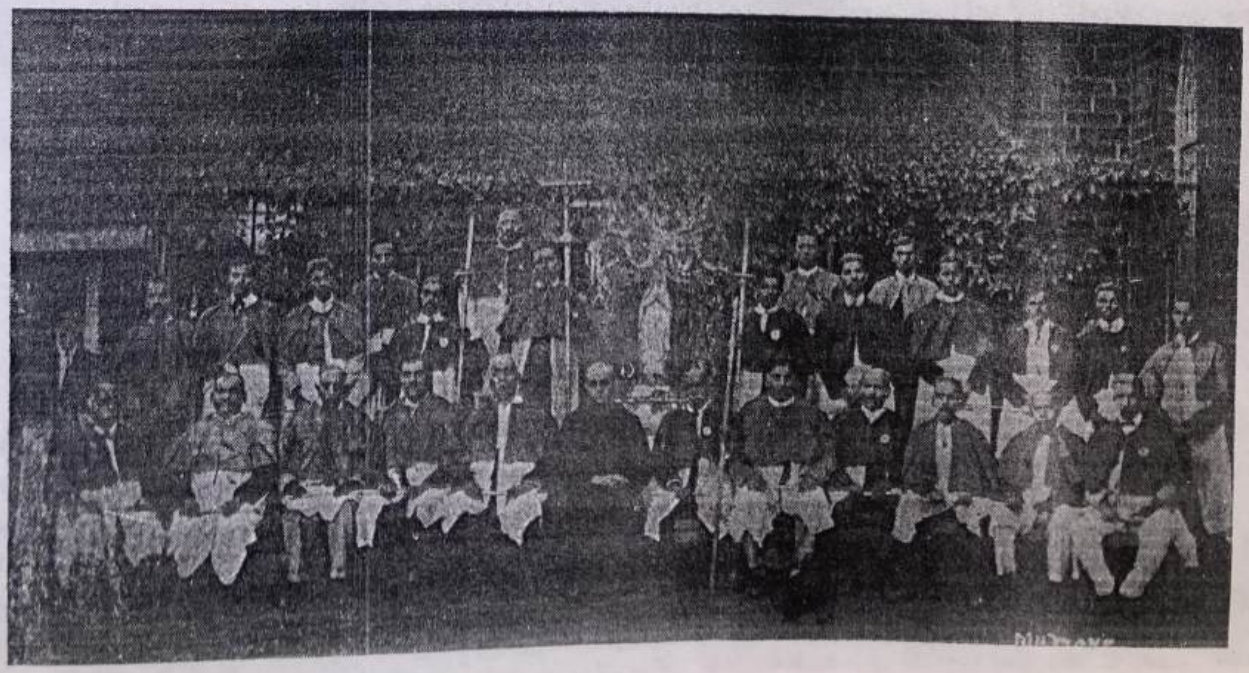
around May brought on a spate of pastoral visitations. Frs. Willy, Hamilton, Pagani, Depelchin, Geron (from Bhusaval), Fr. Adams (from Deolali), Fr. Bodewig too (from out of blue...presumably !) with Bishop Meurin hot on his heels almost, to prevent another unorthodox 'experiment' perhaps?

4. Fr. P. H. Geron (28th January 1876 to 13th April 1876) who had earlier come...and seen...now conquered! His reign' however lasted only a few months. The diary hints at incipient mutiny during Holy Week Services when the Parish Priest disallowed the singing of the Moteti (due to "its causing offense to the Europeans"). The 'Western God' seems to have prevailed, aided no doubt by the unfailing, though age-old formula sermon threatening hellfire and brimstone. A repentant "choir" of Goans soulfully sang out the 'Stabbat Mater'—to the relief of the Europeans, soon after Easter Fr. Geron was recalled to Bombay. He left on 27th April 1876. Igatpuri was back once again to 'Pastor visitains' status under the Military Chaplain of Deolali, Fr. Adams. In the middle of August Fr. Egger was appointed Military Chaplain (Deolali) and as visiting pastor came to Igatpuri two days later only to return to Bombay a few days after.

5. Fr. P. Saelinger (1st December 1876—28th January 1886) was now the new Chaplain at Deololi and also held tenure as Parish Priest of Igatpuri, thus ending the inter-regnum. He spent week days at Igatpuri. A pastor from Bombay came in on Sundays, while he visited Deolali.

The Church building was completed during his tenure, in 1881, with new stations of the Cross erected on 18th March 1881.

A setting up of a Confraternity of the Sacred Heart was proposed, restricted in rather uncatholic fashion only to those who had subscribed towards the Church building, and who would continue to do so in the future.



Of the thirty odd people who signified their willingness, only thirteen attended the membership meeting...at which nothing was formalised, and after which nothing further was heard! This however was the least of it...On 6th March 1885 Bishop Meurin sent a letter to be read out in Church to his sheep of doubtful hue, decrying their "disunity which was bringing disgrace down on the Parish". The 'people of God', at Igatpuri didn't seem to want to render to God what was his by way of Ecclesiastical Fees which they thought were unduly enhanced. Burials were taking place outside 'God's little acre, and "Baptisms were being postponed to ten and eleven days"!(?) Poor St. Anne suffered too...her feast we are told "was a failure in 1881" as there wasn't enough collection for a High Mass and Festive Sermon (Rs.15)". If religious ceremony was vitiated by mammon's mutinous mumblings, para-religious Confratenities and Sodalities atrophied in the general climate of apathy.

6. Fr. T. Dalhoff (28th December 1886–30th June 1887) took over from Fr. Saelinger. While at Igatpuri he met Archbishop Porter who soon whisked him off to be his Vicar General.

7. Fr. M. Durach (1st July 1887–21st April 1897) stepped into Fr. Dalhoff's shoes though he wasn't to follow in his footsteps. During his tenure Standard V was added on to the School (1888) and "it is said that later even Standards VI and VII were taught". The Convent bowed in on 11th February 1889 (elbowing out a hard-to-budge Mrs. Joseph from "where she was living and keeping school").

Side altar in Gothic style

The effect on Fr. Durach of the advent of the sisters isn't easy to discern, but he now plunged into providing a rich tapestry of oil painted designs to beautify the Sanctuary. Was it his apocalyptic sense of things to come that prompted his putting up a new—more contemporary no doubt—set of stations of the cross? And his fashioning of new "Gothic" altars...could they not have been the outpouring of a deep foreboding that a long ago history was to repeat itself?

8. Fr. J. B. Stein (21st April 1897—December 1899). He pulled down the old 'sick room's housing the school and built a new school building entirely without Government help—earning the admiration of the Inspector of School. He also achieved the rare (since nowhere else does it gain entry into Fr. Trenkamp's diary notes) distinction of not having burdened his successor with debts !

9. Fr. George (December 1899—to April 1901). In the great famine of 1899 he suggested to the Bishop (rather successfully as it turned out) that he made an appeal to the German and American people. He also accepted a reduced stipend of Rs 60 (normally Rs 90 since Fr. Durach's time), attempting to reduce it still further. He got sixteen new benches made for Church paring the price of each down from Rs 60 to Rs 40 (a rare instance...for that time at least. .of a 'son of light' getting one up on 'the sons of this world'). His down-to-earth concern for God's people was reflected perhaps even in his converting his backgarden of roses into a vegetable patch !

10. Fr. C. Hutmacher (1st April 1901—August 1902). His lasting contributions preserved for us in Fr. Trenkamp's diary were the closing off of the open Verandah with frames and windows, and the planting of the garden in front of the Presbytery.

11. Fr. H. Tillman (August 1902 till December 1903) added two rooms to the "East end of the kitchen". In this time a Grant-in-aid was sanctioned for the "Re-building of Joseph's School" undertaken already. The amount, Rs 300/–was but a third of the money actually spent.

12. Fr. T. Peters (December 1903—March 1908) initiated the buying of the Mayes land through Fr. Hutmacher (then at St. Mary's, Byculla) who offered the gentleman Rs. 1,000 for it (on the Bishop's behalf). A prolonged affair it turned out to be, with the sisters throwing in their mite Rs. 250 of the total amount. The business involved quite a few re-measurements and boundary corrections, and petty haggling by Mr. Mayes over who should pay transference fees. Fr. Peters also undertook the building of compound walls

and gates, and extensive repair work inside the Chapel, Presbytery and school. It is of interest to note some items in list of Church fees adopted by him. Baptism came relatively cheap; ranging from one rupee four annas to three rupees (with Cope); Marriage ranged from simple (five rupees) to Grand (ten rupees . Europeans only!). Funerals however seemed to hit the jackpot with twelve rupees for a First Class (priest going to house) affair.

Fr. Peters it was who had the first confrontation with the Nuns, as he found his "small Goan boys" being wooed over into the Convent School instead of joining the Parish School. In righteous indignition he put a stop to it by threatening to abolish his school as he saw no point in running a school that would be devoid of "better class... Catholic boys".

13. Fr. F. Trenkamp (April 1908—November 1915). By his own hand "nothing remarkable occurred"....Nevertheless the Government grant-in-aid was raised from Rs. 361 to Rs. 700 with a supplementary grant of Rs. 100. The Railway Company began" a grant to the Roman Catholic Chaplain, Igatpuri,"—a monthly allowance of Rs. 75, from 1st January 1914.

On 8th October news arrived from the Government that Father was to be in terned at Khandala since war had broken out. Fr. W. Bartley was lent from Madras to run the School; he was, however, soon transferred to Ahmednagar and Fr. A. Rondano transferred to Igatpuri from Ahmednagar (13th January 1916). He, in turn, was recalled to Mangalore (July 1918) and was succeeded at Igatpuri by Fr. F. Rudden.

For later history one must look elsewhere, for Fr. Trenkamp's notes end here with a couple or more Appendices, the last of which lists in detail the Immovable Church property as contained in an Annual Report of 1910. The total area owned exclusively by the Church was approximately 16 acres valued at Rs. 23,456/-.

Conclusion :

The Church at Igatpuri had come a long way from the initial three rupees two annas, 2 acres plot. It has however a longer path to tread—perhaps the need is to move off onto unbeaten tracks—in search of its elusive Ecclesia.

(LATER HISTORY)

(From oral record)

The list of Parish Priests who came after Fr. Rudden is a under:

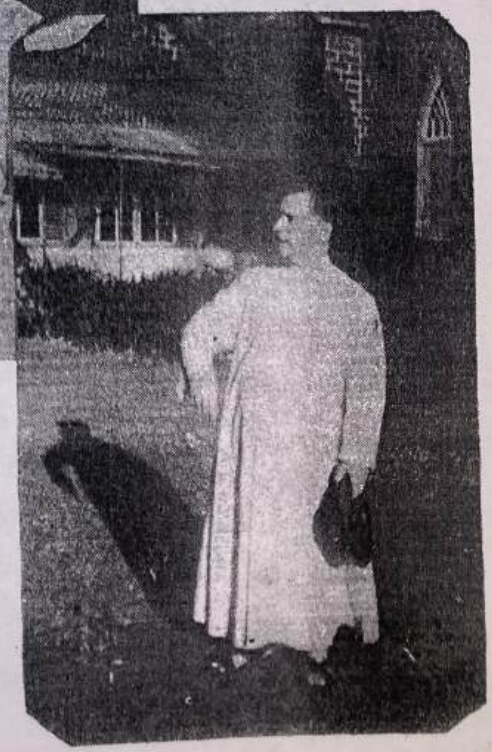
Fr. E. C. Kieffer	(Jan. 1920—Jan. 1925) who beside his pastoral duties waged a successful war on the snakes proliferating on his land.
Fr. F. X. Gallati	(Jan. 1926—Oct. 1926) no record—oral or written.
Fr. A. Fortuny	(Nov. 1926—Dec. 1930) no record.
Fr. Van Maldereń	(Jan. 1931—Mar. 1939). A mission was preached in his time by Frs. Nolan and Sloane.
Fr. S. G. Hommel.	(Oct. 1939—Oct. 1940). No record.

Fr. J. T. Meyers (Oct. 1940—Dec. 1954). A rather stern mannered priest but very large hearted. He made Sunday School compulsory, knew every parishioner and visited them all.

Fr. C. Zurbitu (Jan: 1955—Jan. 1956). A gentle priest, with a great devotion to the Rosary.

Fr. Cassasayas (Below) (May 1956—June 1966). He brought a lot of social life to the Parish through Fetes and Whist Drives. He was truly well-loved by his parishioners, which made the tragedy of his murder even more brutal.

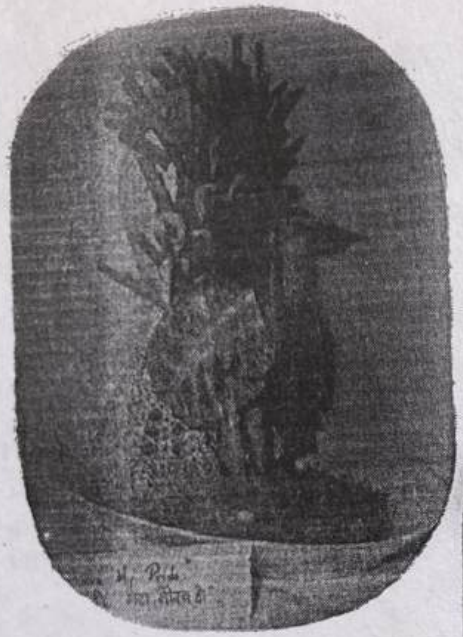
Fr. Meyers (Above) receiving the statue of Our Lady of Fatima.



Fr. X. Mingot (Right) (June 1966—to date). A simple, holy and mild padre. He goes three times a week to celebrate Mass for the Society of the Helpers of Mary at Asangaon. He has also restored the Church, in readiness for its Centenary this year. He is generous to a fault with the needy.

Mr. Joe Lobo

A PEEP INTO OUR PARISH ACTIVITIES



<——An exhibit at the "Table decoration with fruits and vegetables", Exhibition.

Santa stealing the Scene——>

"Glory to God in the highest!"

<——

The prize winning entry for the "Easter Hat Competition" with scrap material (Photo goods scrap material)

——>

WORK

Some time back when I heard a call for articles, I thought I would be able to put down many a thought, but now when I have been given a chance to express them, find my thoughts stunded and my humour blunted. In fact at this very moment inspiration seems to have deserted me, leaving me in the sole company of 'Work'.

Work is an indispensable means of earning one's living. Without these means many a person would have found himself bored with life; unless one is the type of person would sit back and watch one's fellow men saying. "It fascinates me to see people work".

Every one is engaged in more type of work or the other and hence so much of man power is utilised; yet what leaves me wondering is why so much of 'Work' is left undone?

I look ahead and wonder why? Is it because there is so much of dis harmony that seems to prevail among us? Or is it the lack of appreciation for one another's work? Or could it be that we have not yet learnt the great secret of working together? Or is it because our prevailing education system has taught us only to go in for the stiff competition?

I may not be able to answer the reason why? But I do feel it will be really great if all of us get together and do something to make this world a better place to live in. How wonderful it will be if we Christians live and work together; then the Lord will say, 'Blessed are those who work together for they shall see the kingdom of heaven'.

Miss Marie Fernandes

"GOD'S SMILE ON EARTH"

Oh! You charming little flower!
Whence have you such atractive power?
Whence do you pop out?
From this earth? No, I doubt.

Yes, I know little creature,
Your creation I can picture.
The Mighty One is your creator,
Of every creature, He is the author.

Who is the artist that touched you?
Who is he, who gave you such an attractive hue?
Did the Angel artist paint you?
Mixing his colours with heavenly dew?

Did the Angels in charge of Heaven's store,
Then, on you the best of all the perfumes pour?
Is this the fragrance, Heaven has? Yes, I am sure.
There everthing must be so delightful and pure!

Was it then that the angels thought it fit,
To enjoy at your cost a little bit ?
Did the angels then kiss your petal tips ?
And thus they assumed the shape of their lips ?

ROSE ! we shall call it ! then said the little angels,
For they were delighted to see its silken petals,
So Sweet and delicate and heavenly it was,
And ROSE they decided would be the name of their choice!

Did the good God then raise you to His Heart ?
And asked you to man message impart ?
And as His Little Smile; did He drop you to this earth,
To console and cheer man's miserable little heart ?

Now that your mission in life is over,
I shall take you to the Lord's altar.
For on this earth, which other place could be better ?
Then to be night and day by your maker ?

Sway your little head as the gentle breeze blows,
Allowing your sweet perfume at His feet to flow,
For thus, would I love to please Him here below,
By letting my love ever at His feet to flow !

MRS. TINA PEREIRA

The Spirit–Filled Church

Today there is a new life in the Church. There is something new in the very air we breathe. A breath from the Spirit is enlivening the whole universe. No wonder people sing with great joy: "All over the world the Spirit is moving". New types of Christian communities, active in spreading the faith are springing up almost everywhere. These Christians are convinced of the Fatherhood of God, and hence they find the necessity of bringing about the brotherhood of all man. Consequently there is a great desire in the hearts of men, infused by the Spirit of God, for love, peace, truth and justice.

The great day of Pentecost marks the first important event in the history of the Church. Since that day Spirit is an ever present reality within the Church. The driving force behind the life of the early Church was the Holy Spirit. It was He who removed the barrier between Jews and non-Jews and inspired Peter to Baptise the gentiles. It was the the Holy Spirit who led Paul to preach in Europe.

Pentecost swoed the seeds of spiritual growth in the apostles. The fruits were very much visible in the life of Peter. Before Pentecost Christ was very near him. After Pentecost; Christ was in him. Before Pentecost he loved Christ with a human love, but afterwards he was filled with divine love and courage. No more he could keep the gospel to himself. He wrote with conviction: "happy are you if you are insulted because you are Christ's followers; for this means that the glorious Spirit, the Spirit of God, has come down on you". (1 Peter 4.14)

The Spirit leads us to a victorious Christian living. In the last few years there has been a great renewal in the Church by the Holy Spirit, and hundreds of people relish the inner experience of the Holy Spirit's power. When he are filled by the Holy Spirit, we honour and glorify God and our service to God and men becomes more effective.

Though dynamic in action, the Holy Spirit is as gentle as a dove and respects our feelings and our freedom. He does not thrust Himself on us. He works in a person only to the extent that he allows him. He is always at work in all men of goodwill. In order to receive the Spirit, we must apend much time in the presence of God and wait upon Him. Once we have received the Spirit, we just cannot stand about and wait doing nothing.

The faith of the apostles was the foundation on which the Church was built. Now our faith is necessary for the preservation of the Church in this century. Only when we are born again in the Spirit, do we acquire this much-needed faith.

For us Pentecost is not just an historical event, but a living factor in our daily life. Today many have the experience of being filled by the Spirit of God, through the Catholic Pentecost Movement. It gives the Christians an opportunity to know the person of Jesus Christ in an intimate and personal way. The Holy Spirit offers great joy to every Christian as He moves powerfully in the Church. One advisable thing to do is to stop aiming at possessing the Holy Spirit and to let him possess us. Then the presence of God in us becomes no more a belief but an experience.

The change that is brought about in the lives of so many, through the Catholic Pentecostal Movement is indeed admirable.

During this year, on the occasion of our Church Centenary, let us receive the Spiritual gifts that the Holy Spirit will shower on us. We will receive them in the measure in which we have prepared ourselves, through repentance, humility, simplicity and charity. Let us surrender ourselves absolutely to the Holy Spirit so that He may introduce new life, new love, new light and new liberty into our Parish and thus consolidate the Spirit filled Church.

Sr. Sumitra, F.C.

Wisdom Through Ages :

"Never get a lazy man to do something for you; he will be as irratating as vinegar on your teeth or smoke in your eyes".

"Beauty in a woman without good judgement is like a gold ring in a pig's snout."

"A lie has a short life, but truth lives on forever".

"Better to eat a dry crust of bread with peace of mind than to have a banquet in a house full of trouble."

—King Solomon

"Go cherish your soul, expel companions, set your habits to a life of solitude: then will the faculties rise fair and full within.

—Emerson

"Then I saw that wisdom excels folly as light excels darkness. The wise man has his eyes in his head, but the fool walks in darkness".

—Ecclesiastes

THE HILLS OF HOME

For the different generations of youngsters brought up in Igatpuri whether local kids, or children whose parents were on transfer there for a few years, the boarders in the Holy Family Convent—doubtless the town retains different and very personal memories. For me, one of the 'locals', it is the 'mountains' (as we called them in which the little town nestles, that were the greatest single influence on my sensibilities.

I remember how my sisters and I used to travel home by train, and look out eagerly as we approached the town for a sight of the bare hills. They were an inseparable part of the deep love of our roots, where a happy childhood was nourished. I remember how my favourite sister and I used to take a bottle of water and some of Mum's corned beef, and trek through the hills, with the hum of the electric wires above the only accompaniment to the heat of the burning sun. But heat forgotten, the spirit of the hills enveloped us through our reverence for them. There was, then, "no need of a remoter charm/by thought supplied" the experience was "all in all".

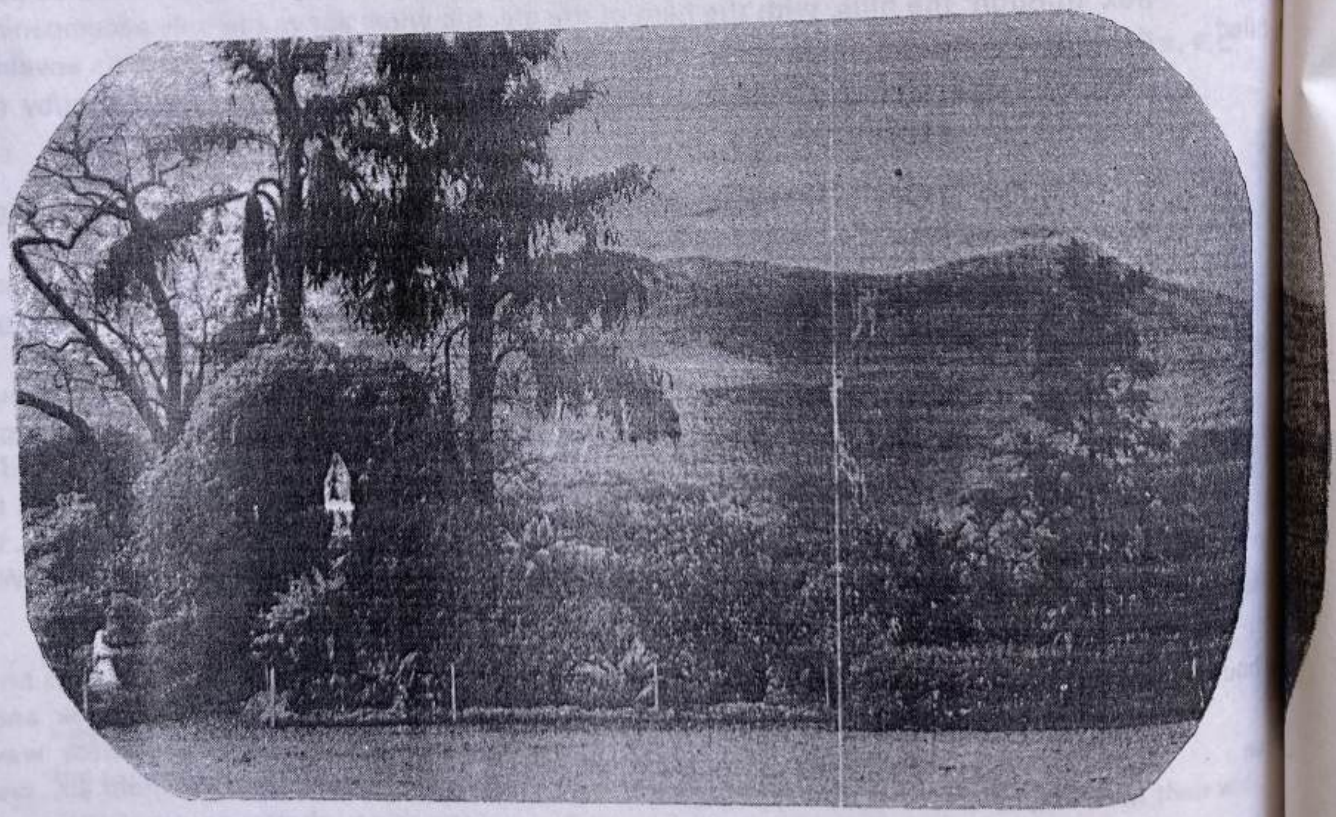
The natural lake lying at the foot of the hills is one of the attractions of Igatpuri. Whenever we brought friends home, a trip to the hills and the lake was a must. I remember the time I brought a group of my college friends home. We made a starlit trip to the lake, shivering in the biting cold of early January. It was worth braving the cold for glimpse of the inky black water of the lake, and the guard at the tiny lake-house rustled up hot mugs of black tea which added to our cheer. However, though we were proud of our lake, it was not the water-presence that I remember now, but hypnotic power of its setting, those smooth majestic shapes that lived as much within us as they surrounded us. And it was beneath their guardian eye that the young people of the town came in a 'jing-bang' to play coffee-potting and tell jokes, or simply tease one another, and when darkness fell, to sing the songs of Elvis, which were then the rage. "Please help me, I'm falling" and "Wooden Heart" belong to those times.

I have known the many faces of our hills: the ethereal smoke-blue forms hovering far beyond the Railway Institute, so in substantial you felt you had only to blink and they would vanish; dull greens and ochres and muddy purples shimmering on heat waves in Mid-May; stark cold forms rising dark and enigmatic in the December night air, crowned with chips of ice-cold stars, while we made our way, teeth chattering against the cold, up the hill to Midnight Mass; humped shapes making the briefest of appearances through the monsoon mists; the September hills; startingly clear and covered with fleece-of-green againss the brilliant after-monsoon sky—and the heady feeling that the hills then were marching out to meet your spirit which was also marching out to meet them in an eternal timeless moment; hills crowned with coronets of fire in the season of the burning of the grass. I have sat on the cemetery wall when the sun's first rays have pierced through morning mists, and have seen the hills revealed in glory; and I have felt much as a restorer must feel who sees the hidden forms and colours emerge when he is cleaning a painting, and I have sung aloud for the sheer gladness of being alive.

And the name of our hills—One-Tree Hill, Dead Man's Hill, Sugar Loaf, Monkey Pass, Camel's Hump, were all part of the magic of our childhood. It used to be a race to scramble up Sugar Loaf, stand on its handkerchief-sized top, where two, maybe, could fit if they clung onto each other in the exhilarating wind which threatened to blow them off like puffs of thistledown, and then slither down, flushed and laughing with excitement.

Later, the sea came to be a passion with me, but neighter the sea nor any other natural beauty has ever been able to replace those upthrusts of smooth rock that nudged their way into our very beings, and set themselves there as lords of our hearts and guardians of childhood, nurturing in us a pure life of the spirit. Even today they are capable of rousing in us "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." Pulling out of Igatpuri by train used to be an almost physical wrench as the hills moved inexorably away. Leaving home, for me, has always been inextricable from this cleavage: the hills were 'home'!.

Mrs. Joan Lobo (Nee Pinto)



Th Grotto in the Church compound with "THE HILLS OF HOME" in the background.

"Those who trust in the Lord are like Mount Zion, which can never be shaken, never be, moved. As the mountains surround Jerusalem, so the Lord surrounds his people now and for ever". (Psalm 125)

THE PARISH SCHOOL

Contrary to popular beliefs, the great men in history were not inspired by visions which came to them in the night, or by scanning the heavens during the day. Instead they took cold baths and did all manner of peculiar things.

Bernard Shaw for instance took a bus ride when he found 'him-self running short of ideas. Thriller writer Edgar Wallace resorted to countless cups of tea, with the result that he developed dropsy. Beethoven put his head under the tap, the moment he felt his inspiration was on the wane. Of the painters Maurice Utrillo went to the bottle for his inspiration. But to me inspiration came in the most normal circumstances, when I decided to write on our good old Parish School known as St. Joseph's Primary School that existed till the year 1965.

This was an English Medium School, (Std. I—Std. VIII) founded by Fr. J. Egger (1st February 1875) for Catholic boys of our parish, but it was thrown open to other boys irrespective of religion, race and language, in so far as is consonant with our catholic principles. With the result non-catholic boys from Nasik, and other nearby villages took the opportunity, by staying in Dr. Baba Sahib Boarding and completed their education upto Std. VIII in this School.

The very location of the school amidst a vast compound comprising of jack-fruit, guava, mangoes and cashew trees was an eternal temptation to the boys of this school, which in all likeliness could be compared to the situation our "First Parents" who where placed in the Garden of Eden by God. The only difference being that the erring boys who had partaken of the forbidden fruits met their punishments right away at the hands of Fr Meyer.

I must relate of the amusing pranks played by some of the school boys which came to light only after the transfer of Fr. Meyer. Every one will recall, that Fr. Meyer was very proud of the annual rainfall record kept by him, hardly knowing that the daily record of rainfall was tampered with, by some of his students, who added water to the rain guage, from the nearby nullahs.

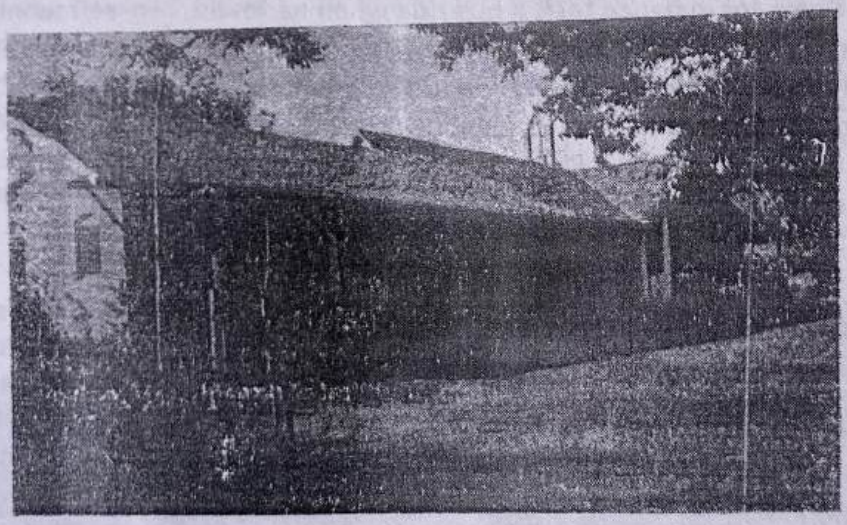
However all students had great respect and admiration for this great man. And this can be testified to from the fact that a non-catholic pupil of Fr. Meyer offers an Annual High Mass for the soul of his guru on the 19th March, feast of St. Joseph the patron saint of Fr. Meyer.

With the transfer of Fr. Meyer, Fr. Cassasayas took over as Manager of the school. The staff was very scanty. Just three teachers managed to run the school. We had to bring into practice giving Multiple Lessons (meaning managing two classes simultaneously).

Besides the Academic subjects, politeness of speech and conduct as well as cleanliness of dress and person was inculcated. The school fees were on basis of Government schools, and the Staff was paid of a small remuneration.

Since the school had no financial aid whatsoever, it was not possible for expansion. Add with the death of Fr. Cassasayas even the existing School ceased to exist, thus posing a big problem to parents who would like their children to have an English education.

Mrs. Daisy Fernandes



THE PARISH SCHOOL

FR. CASSASAYAS WITH HIS STAFF MEMBERS

IGATPURI ON THE MARCH

The dawn of 27th February 1981 is a day which will bring feeling of intense joy and satisfaction to the parishioners, ex-parishioners, friends and well-wishers of the Sacred Heart Church, Igatpuri. This joy is due to the fact that this bastion of the Sacred Heart, lives and re-lives after hundred years of existence.

The Jesuits, like elsewhere, have been the pioneers in this place. One could call this place—God's little fertile acre. The Jesuits found their labours fruitful, for the choicest fruits of this Vine yardand are his Excellencies Henry D'Souza, Archbishop of Cuttack and Leobard D'Souza, Archbishop of Nagpur. We are happy to have them in our midst for the Centenary Celebrations.

The others who keep the Igatpurian flag flying high in the pastures of the Lord are (a) Fr. George Fallerio of Nagpur. (b) Fr. Ivor D'Souza, Principal of St. Paul's, Parel. (c) Fr. Edwin D'Souza, S.D.B. (d) Sister Winifred Anne in the Congregation of the Daughters of the Cross. (e) Sr. Mary Wilfred in the congreation of the Sisters of the Cross. We are also proud of the numerous lay-people, whose sincerity, zeal and integrity have been the stepping stones to produce fruits of the highest calibre. Thus many an Igatpurian has achieved, today, a place of reckonig in the lay-fields.

The present generation can distinctly recall the services of Father Joseph Meyer and Father John Cassasayas. The bellowing voice of Fr. Meyer commanded authority in the St. Joseph's Parish School for boys. This School is now eating the dust, true to the scriptures that "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shall return". The sweet and efficacious smile of Fr. Cassasayas in fair and stormy situations, ultimately won him a crown of martyrdom. The porch of our Church was found suitable as the perpetual resting place for him.

Fr. Francis Xavier Mingot, S.J. our present pastor took over the reins of this parish, after the untimely death of this parish, after the untimely death of Fr. Cassasayas. Truly the Almighty has bestowed on him the honour of being the captain of this Parish in its Centenary year. This is a well-deserved honour for a person most meek and humble of heart, which radiates frankness, generosity and geniality of temper. All those who come in contact with him, cannot escape to notice it. For a man of his age, laurels must be bestowed on him for all that he does for this parish and for the small flock at Asangaon, which he ministers to devotedly.

The hour is now ripe to make a mention about the Oasis in our parish. It is none other than the Convent of the Congregation of the Daughters of the Cross. From here also springs forth the Church Choir singers. The Holy Family School, which is run by them serves one and all in the field of Education. The sisters do spare themselves no pain in helping the parish priest in maintaining the proper, liturgical spirit in the Parish. Besides looking after the personal needs of the parish priest, they also make it their duty to clean and suitably decorate the Church. Without them we would be like a ship sailing without a rudder in the troubled sea of Igatpuri.

THE PRESENT COMMUNITY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CROSS

OUR CHURCH CHOIR

The extinguished torch of parish activities has been re-enkindled in recent years by a band of enterprising women. They have given us a "Holy Easter" and other activities during the whole year round, which have been helped to collect funds for the church repairs, in addition to giving the young and the old an enjoyable time.

Mention must be made of the yeomen services put in by some of our young men, along with the other folks who have helped in all ways to gain "status" for this church as it stands today. Thus full value has been given to the generous donations received from "Home and Abroad "

Well, folks, the march of events has ended but not before recalling Shakespeare who said, "The world is a stage and each one of us are actors on it. So let us play a worthy role that will be remembered for all time." Thereby we are expected to leave worthy "Footprints on the sands of time."

Mr. Cajetan Pereira

IGATPURI

It's a beauty on its own
Great are the sights that you've never known
Attractive sports to climb and fish,
Tourist sometimes make a wish
People in the market place
Understand the different race,
Remembering the age old saying
It's a place for holidaying and praying.

So you know folks, I'll have a bet,
You wouldn't think its alphabet,
The order of which I've tried to make
"Word" Igatpuri for your sake.

I'll spell it backwards what do you know,
Return to the place and love it more,
Unescorted you may travel,
Public transport is a marvel,
To the other sights its an hour or two
Across the hills with camera do
Grab a gun and have some sport
Into the rivers and hail a boat.

Mr. Norman Valladaras

"FOR THE GREATER GLORY OF GOD"

It was on 12th June 1977 that I first set foot on the Igatpuri soil. Only to discover that I belonged to a parish, that was on the threshold of celebrating its Centenary.

On the 27th February 1881 the 'Sacred Heart Church' of Igatpuri was yet another ship launched on the rough seas of this world and as expected was assigned the task of safely bringing Christ's little flock from Igatpuri to the Eternal Shores. A few of my other friends who made the happy mistake of settling in Igatpuri in the last few years, noticed just as I did, that this Church was left with just a few parishioners, and some of these showed no interest in the repairs of the Church, while others felt it was too big a task for the handful of them. And yet with the completion of a hundred years of service was it not in need of major repairs?

We pleaded with the 'Heart of Jesus' to help us to do at aleast the bare minimum in restoring this beautiful little house of God. He did hear our earnest prayer. For behold, after people heard "Igatpuri Calling", through the columns of the Examiner, donations of all denominations started pouring in from generous hearted faithful ex-parishioners. By this act they showed their love for this little Church and we are proud of the fact that even non-Catholics responded to this call. Thus although, I can't help but mention that in general local response was poor, through the donations of ex-parishioners and well-wishers, by the beginning of August 1980 we felt proud to note that our fund was approximately Rs. 20,000/- Now we felt we could start doing something and we called people from Bombay to see what they would charge to undertake the contract of all repairs. You can well imagine what was our plight when one reliable contractor told us that we must have at least Rs. 75,000/- before starting work. "Oh! la, la!" That was what Fr. Mingot exclaimed.

Although donations were steadily pouring in from all directions, whilst at the same time a strenous effort was being made at home, for the collection of funds by way of various drives; yet we could not hope to collect that big amount and complete all the work within the stipulated period of six months. It was then that Fr. Mingot our parish priest with a few of his faithful, decided that he should start doing whatever he could, with whatever he had. Thus started the most difficult 'obstacle race.'

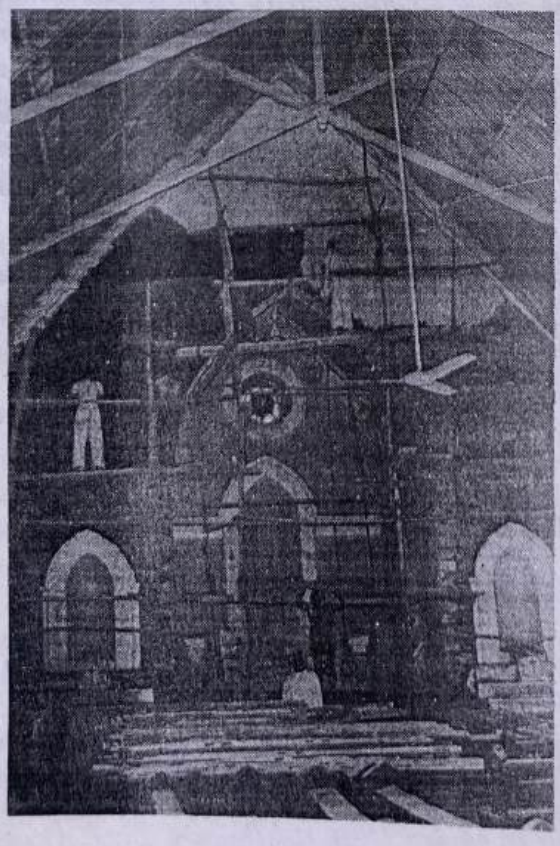
First we undertook the plastering of the walls, which began as late as October. Then came dado work, along with other minor masonary repairs for the interior of the Church. All this cost us a handsome amount.

Anyone who had seen our previous doors and windows would have agreed that they were just 'made for a theif'. And so the next task was to remedy the situation. Hence right away we gave the contract of replacing the doors and windows to Shri S. Bhatia who gave us a satisfactory job. The simple, but neat and elegant design for the grills was done by a parishioner and executed by a local engineering workshop at Ghoti.

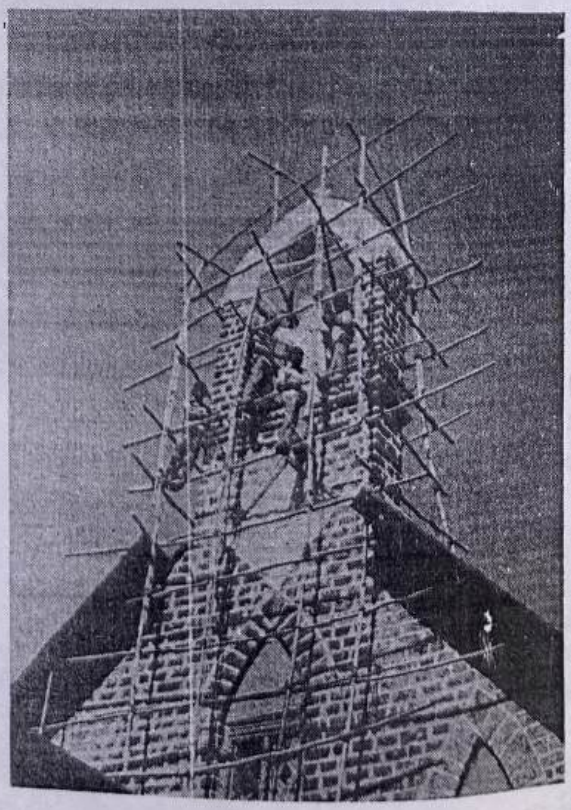
Funds kept increasing and we proceeded with the difficult task of painting the ceiling which being high and steep gave a fright to the painters, who just failed to turn up after seeing it. Then came along B. A. Zakir the courageous one who undertook the work of scraping and painting the ceiling, doors, windows, frame work above the altars, the choir and the grills. Although plastering and fixing of new doors and windows seemed to give new life to the church, painting enhanced the ethereal atmosphere. Our painter Basir deserves credit for his work.

Next we took up the polishing of benches. This was efficiently done by Shri. Ramodhar Kunjilal who exced in this work. Mr. Cajetan Braganza saw the completion of wiring work under great pressure of time. It was only by working day and night, even until the eleventh hour of Christmas eve that he manage to finish the job. Our hats off to him for his wonderful feast

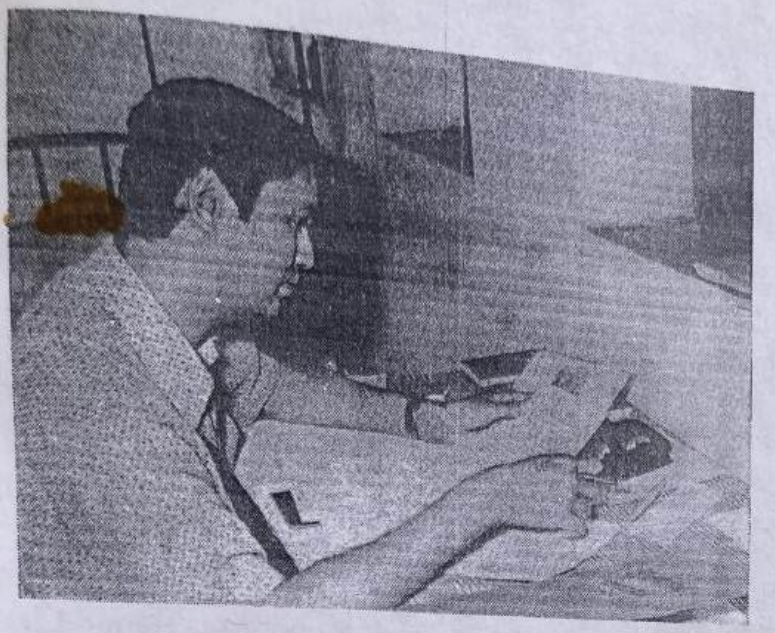
Yet another parishioner who deserves mention is Mr. Nornam Valladaras for under the magic touch of his brush we have our statues and the stations of the Cross given a fresh look, which displays his prowess in the art of painting.



The Sacred Heart Statue receives the final cost of paint.



Plastering work in Progress



Fr. Maurice Henriques, S.J.

In the month of January 1981 we resumed the work for the exterior of the Church but we had to stop the work due to unexpected developments and pressure. It was then that the Lord sent us "Simon of Cyrene" with a difference, for he did not help in carrying the Cross, but he lifted it off our shoulders completely, and all we had to do was follow him with joy. 'This 'Simon of Cyrene' is none other than our good, intelligent, hardworking and efficient Fr. Maurice Henriques, S.J. He completed all the remaining repairs the important being the 'leakages' in the roof, and he also gave as a beautiful road. With his dynamic personality, he not only means to complete the church work, but is also determined to give us parishioners and the ex-parishioners a most enjoyable time for the Centenary which we are all looking forward to.

Another great personality who played a major role in the task of preparing for the Centenary celebrations was Sr. Elizabeth Anne, F.C. the Superior of Holy Family Convent. Truly she has been a Veronica in more than one sense; for in times of difficulties and happiness alike, she has been there to show the way with her gracious smile and her helping hand. Sr. Elizabeth Anne together with her team of sisters have truly served the parish in every way, to the best of their ability. Hence it is not surprising that they should win favour with the parishioners.

A word must be said in praise of Mr. Henry Fernandes who was given the responsibility of handling all the material and supervising the work. We know that he was there most faithfully and regularly supervising carefully every bit of the work done. He even showed readiness to sacrifice his sleep and meals if need arose.

All good things must come to an end and so must the repair work of this church. Although it was a period of tensions, heartaches and disappointments, the workers feel so honoured now. They realize that it was worth going through hardships for a worthy cause —"The Glory of God."

With the donations of all the generous donors and the sweat and toil of the labourers we hope to hold up this House of God. Perhaps for another hundred years to come.

Finally let us hope that we succeed not only in holding up the structure of this edifice—the Church, but also holding up the 'Ecclesia—which is the true Church of Christ in Igatpuri, made up of all of us the followers of Christ.

Let us live, let us work and let us die—All for the Greater Glory of God.

Mrs. Tina Pereira

'WHAT THE MISSION OF 1981, HAS MEANT TO ME'

It was after a long span of twelve years that the small flock of our Church welcomed with hopeful and joyful hearts the announcement of the forthcoming mission. This was to be preached by two Redemptorist priests, Rev. Fr. John Hoey and Rev. Fr. George Rosario. We prepared our hearts to receive the word of God by riciting a family prayer, composed specially for the mission, daily in our homes.

Indeed the Lord had invited us to a banquet! It was heartening to see that both young and old responded to this invitation. Every evening from 8th March 1981 to 15th March 1981, they came trudging slowly, or hastening up the slope, to be refreshed and strengthened as they shared in the Eucharistic Celebration and hear the word of God being broken for them in today's common parlance.

After the mission I met some of my fellow parishioners and asked them what the mission of 1981 had meant to them. Well this is what they have to say:

"The lively mission has deeply inspired me to the core of my being. Hence I have resolved to make Jesus the centre of my life. To have faith hope and trust in Him. And above all to turn over a new leaf."

"The mission has helped me tremendously. I have come to know that Jesus wants me to accomplish and fulfil the plans He has for me. I have also learnt that faith in Him can do wonder".

"The messages that were put across to us during the mission were most applicable to the everyday life of families. They were very practical and down to earth. The dynamic personalities of the Redemptorist priests further insured the deliverance of these messages."

"This mission has helped me to gain much confidence in life. It has also helped me to meet any challenge in life and not to shirk away from it."

"What impressed me most of the Mission was the realisation of the fact that, if I wish to be forgiven, I ought to forgive the other first."

"It was beautiful to experience Christ in our lives and I can sincerely say that I am a better person today after having felt the love of God, and knowing that I have the ability of sharing it with others. The bonds of love and unity in our little home have grown more firm and secure. Now there is even a better understanding between us—husband and wife."

Let us praise God for the realisation of His great love and concern for each of us. He has touched us, and healed us. Let us pray that the good work He has begun in us may come to fruition.

Sr. Elizabeth Anne, F.C.

TITS-BITS OF THE PAST

I am able to recall seeing Igatpuri for the first time, when I joined the Railway Service in the year 1941, and lived in the quarters of the Constitution Hill, a distance of about two furlongs from the Railway Station. There were no electric lights on any of the roads then, only kerosene oil lamps were in use. Trains from Igatpuri onwards were worked with steam engines. Water for their 'water tenders', was supplied from the Railway Reservoir known as 'the Bund', a favourite spot with the young and the old, for picnics and boating.

Alongside the main road there was a common landmark called "The Green Tank", popular to the urchins, cows and buffaloes. After passing the Green Tank, one's path to the Constitution Hill lay over a rough and shoddy road, with a few grocer shops scattered about.

After sunset the silence of the night would be taken up by jackals howling in fifty "sharps and flats", then a sudden grunt of a wild pig. A little later, one could hear hyenas approaching the quarters in search of their food.

At the out break of monsoon scores of young boys and girls dressed in their bathing costumes, an empty kerosene oil tin hanging from their shoulders and a cotton waste torch held high, could be seen making a bee-line for the fields, in search of crabs.

But alas! what a disappointment! After all the labour that went in the catching of the crabs who could have the patience to sit at dinner table trying to scoop up the fishy part whilst in the process losing one's appetite?

C. J. T.

"He rules best who rules least. An able administrator, will not rely so much on the powers and privileges vested in him to discharge his duties, as on his moral strength, character, influence and example."

M. Vaithialingana, I.A.S.